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Home College Series.

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Number ✻ *Twelve.*

CHRIST AS A TEACHER.

BY

BISHOP E. A. THOMSON.

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And what a young man may do in this respect, a yonng woman, and both old men and old women, may do.

J. H. VINCENT.

NEW YORK, *Jan.*, 1883.

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CHRIST AS A TEACHER.

"From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day."

First. Christ was a popular teacher. He attracted the masses. Although he was without folly, without art, without depravity, in a world of frivolity and deceit and wickedness; although he appealed to no interest, or passion, or prejudice, but set his pupils, as their first lesson, to solve the hard problem of poverty, shame, and persecution for the truth; yet men in throngs press after him; in the streets and in the temple, in the city and in the wilderness, a sea of excited human heads dashes about him. Scarce can he eat, or drink, or sleep without observation. Now the roof is open above him to let down a suffering sinner to his sight, and now a vessel is anchored at his feet that he may escape the pressure of the crowd that arises around him on the land. Now he ascends a mountain that he may look down upon the upturned faces below him, and now he must hide himself in the darkness and in the thicket to have an hour of private prayer. It is only occasionally that *any* man can get a crowd. *No* man can hold it long; the multitude, after hearing once or twice, lose their curiosity. When Socrates taught, a few young men only were enchanted by his voice; and when Plato lectured, the people, though they ran together to hear him, left him as rapidly as they collected. Jesus not only *gathered* the masses from city and watch-tower, from palace and cot, but *kept* them around them till he died. At the beginning of his ministry "great multitudes followed him from Galilee, and from Decapolis, and

from Jerusalem, and from Judea, and from beyond Jordan;" and when he closed it, the multitude spread their garenmts and palm branches beneath his triumphant feet, and shouted him through the streets of the city. Even while he hangs dying on the cross, all Calvary is alive around him. What is the secret of his popularity?

1. His doctrines are popular. The earth has produced many great and good men, but where is one whose words are so broad as those of Christ? The words of an Alexander may move armies; the words of Jesus move hearts. The words of a Demosthenes may move a nation; the words of Jesus move the world. An Aristotle may sway the human mind for ages, but he must ere long drop the scepter; Christ extends his moral dominion with every revolving year. The words of Zoroaster, Confucius, Mohammed, abide not the light; the words of Christ make light, and make it more and more abound. Scott, Baxter, Byron, can move only a particular frame of mind and tone of heart; the Saviour reaches the mind in all its frames, the heart in all its tones. Every principle he announces has a world-wide sweep. Mark his summary of the law: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy mind," etc.—a precept so narrow as to measure the smallest thought of the smallest man; so broad as to compass the mightiest outgoings of the largest angel; so perfect as to bind all moral beings to the throne of God, and produce eternal and universal harmony and happiness and progress. Mark, too, his revelation of God: "God so loved the world," etc. Neither the element —love; nor the measure—the gift of his "only begotten;" nor the purpose—the "whosoever"—can be exceeded even in conception.

2. His style is popular. He that would teach the people must condescend to speak as they speak. Christ's style is either dialogistic, as when he would confound his foes; or allegorical, when he would reprove the captious; or meta-

phorical, when he would instruct the inquiring — just the style of that great Grecian sage who sought to bring down philosophy from heaven to earth. He *always* teaches. In the field and in the highway, in the tumult and in the solitude, walking and resting, seated at meals or reposing on the mountains, he is, concerning things both temporal and eternal, "a living epistle, known and read of all men." He flies through all the scenes and employments and trials of life, scattering "apples of gold in pictures of silver." He so associates truth with the heavens and the earth as to make every thing a memorial of duty, a remembrancer of truth, or a reprover of sin. He charges the delighted babe drinking at the fountain of the breast with the message to its happy mother of "Yea, rather blessed are they that hear the word of God and keep it." He hath taught the hammer to echo to the ear of the laborer in every stroke the admonition, "Labor not for the meat that perisheth." Who doth not drink water? Well, over every fountain and flood Christ hath poured this crystal stream of truth, "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again, but whosoever drinketh of water that I shall give him shall never thirst." Who hath not lifted up his eyes to that glorious sun? Well, in his bosom Christ hath set this eternal truth, "I am the light of the world." Who hath not felt the night closing around him? Well, Jesus hath written on all its curtains this luminous line, "The night cometh when no man can work." Who hath not had his thoughts carried down to the chambers of death? Well, there is a voice from the sepulcher, "I am the resurrection and the life." Thus Christ touches almost every object in nature; and *whatever* he touches, though it be but a lily or a sparrow, forth leaps a living truth. With simplicity Jesus blends majesty. When he states a precept, it is as though he had planted a new rock on the earth. When he utters a doctrine, it is as though he hung a new star in heaven.

3. Jesus is popular in his sympathy. Teachers often make distinctions among their pupils. Thus Aristotle confined his attention to Alexander because he was Philip's son, and Plato left the Academy that he might instruct Dionysius; but Christ, like his Father, is "no respecter of persons." He looks at man as man; he pierces through parentage and rank and wealth and fame and genius and power on the one hand, and through shame and toil and ignorance and suffering and rags on the other, to the simple spirit; and when he finds it, he estimates it by its character and qualifications, all that constitutes its manhood—its capacity to be angel or devil forever. Whether he treads the highest or lowest walks of life, he stands upon the same platform; whether he is surrounded by beggars or princes, he speaks as to the same brotherhood. While he pays due attention to Nicodemus, and the centurion, and Joseph of Arimathea, he is wont to turn from the palace to the hut, to gather around him the children of want and sorrow, to move in light and mercy amid blinded minds and bleeding hearts—not because of his *partiality*, but of their *necessities*. With a godlike spirit he stooped to children; with kingly condescension he ate at the tables of the poor. Without sympathy with sin, and as a shepherd goes into the wilderness to seek and to save the *lost*, he preached to publicans and harlots. Not with the rude elbow of stoical indifference, but with the soft hand of life-giving love, he touched the coffin and the couch. In all this there is a peculiar beauty and propriety. Behold poor Bunyan in his prison, as his children have gathered around him! to which does his heart most strongly turn? to his poor, pale, blind daughter; and now as they bid him farewell, see how he grasps the hand of the helpless one, and detains her after the rest have gone, and pours over her his most earnest, agonizing prayer! Now, had the Father of mercies come down to that family, would he not, also, have shown most pity and tenderness to his eyeless one? Even

so when he did come to this world in the person of the blessed Jesus.

Christ was a teacher democratic in the largest and best sense—for the people, for all the people, for even the lowest of the people, for all the people alike. If he had not been, our hearts would have turned from him as being unworthy to represent the Being who lighted up that sun, and poured the oceans from his urn.

Second. Christ was a human teacher. His spirit is one of meekness and lowliness. Let us beware of mistake here. These qualities may be passive; if so, they are infirmities; they are incompatible with decision, dignity, energy—with highest manhood. In Christ they are active. His answers are soft, because he *chooses* that the words which might burst from his lips like the rebukes of Sinai, should distill as the dew of Hermon; his reproofs are gentle, not because they want force, but because they enter the heart obliquely; his censures are mild, not for lack of power, but for abundance of love; his manners are affable, not because he is fearful, or unsteady, or dependent, but because, while he holds the keys of death and hell, he *wills*, by bearing injuries, and reproaches, and persecutions, and crucifixion, with a forgiving temper, to set revengeful man an example. He is humble, not because of his fallibility, but because he would correct the arrogance of fallible man; he is modest, not because he undervalues his own qualifications, but because man overvalues his; he was lowly, not because his mind was not set on high, but that he might teach us how, while we pour heavenly music on the skies, we may dwell upon the ground. On suitable occasions, when mild reproof had been neglected, he stands up like fire and breathes like famine. In his dilemmas there was a caustic that burned scribes and Pharisees to the quick; in his hand there was a scourge before which the defilers of the temple fled; in his parables there played a hidden lightning which erelong rent every tower

and place in Jerusalem; yet his prevailing manner how gentle! how sweet! To those who listen to learn he gives, with untiring patience, line upon line, and precept upon precept. In the wayside he halts to welcome the softest voice of supplicating sorrow. When he delivers his farewell to his disciples, we see how he would "gather his children together as a hen gathereth her brood under her wing." When the disciple that had denied him with oaths and cursing stood trembling in his presence, and he says, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these?" we learn what that meaneth, "He will not break the bruised reed." Though Christ suffered even to the cross, he *acted*—ah! how gloriously! He touched all the realms of nature, and they felt him! they feel him now. Though he went down to the sepulcher, he ascended the skies, and bade his disciples follow him to heaven. Though he owned no foot of land, he gave notice of his coming conquest of the world.

The themes of Christ evince his humility. Had he opened the veins of silver, or formed the philosopher's stone, or invented the elixir of mortal life; had he pointed to the compass, or the steam-engine, or the press; had he exhibited the imposing spectacle of history, or lifted the veil from the invisible world, how would warriors, philosophers, and monarchs have tracked his footsteps to lay their honors at his feet! True, his mind moves through all nature as though he were familiar with its laws, and he not only makes no mistakes concerning them, but flashes beams of light across them which the intellect of man requires ages of study to appreciate; but he does not teach *science*—not because *he* could not, but because *man* could. Jesus, however, has no *jealousy* of philosophy; he never condemns it; he often, indeed, entices man to nature, and would have him linger over its precious wells. He has no prejudice against books. This well, too, is deep, and he leaves it, not because he has no bucket, but because he that would draw can make a bucket

for himself. He confines his attention to moral knowledge —that which the world by wisdom could not know. But though his themes are most novel, most elevated, most satisfying, yet the blinded and depraved world concentrates all its contempt upon them.

The pretensions of Christ are humble. True, he says, "I and the Father are one;" and yet it required the greatest humility to make such a pretension. If a man even profess that God has forgiven his sins and made him his child, he is branded as an enthusiast; he is watched and hated and, if opportunity serve, pierced. How much philosophy has cried against Jesus, "He hath a devil and is mad!" No wonder the mob took up stones to stone him; no wonder the Sanhedrin could not rest till they led him to Calvary. But we see not yet the depth of his humility. In the passage quoted he speaks of the divinity within him; in others he speaks of his humanity as contradistinguished from it. "I can of mine own self do nothing;" instead of setting up his human reason as a god, he brings it to naught. It is not in figurative, but in literal language, not merely in one, but in many forms, that he ascribes his teaching to another, even the Father. "My doctrine is not mine." It is not to God, as the *Creator*, that he ascribes his doctrines, as though he would remind us that intellect is of God; but to God, as the *Revealer*, that he attributes his plans, his doctrine, his very words. He who touched all nature as God, who brought life and immortality to light, and opened a fountain of mercy for all lands and all times, says, Nothing of my wisdom has welled up from my own soul—it hath all come down from the Father of lights.

Third. Christ is an independent teacher. It is a pretty speculation of philosophy that every great man is either an embodiment of the genius of his own age, or a happy anticipation of the next. According to this theory, the race, like the individual, is progressive, and its great minds are the marks of its successive stages of advancement. Bacon, for

example, did but give visibility to the great thoughts that had been gathering over the civilized world ages before he arose; Newton did but catch the apple which his times had already ripened; and Washington was but a manifestation of the spirit that had long rushed through the quickened veins and breathed through the dilated nostrils of his ancestors. As in the distant spaces of creation a new world is the mere condensation of floating nebulæ, so in the regions of mind. But Jesus stands alone—the embodiment of no age, the anticipation of none; though he lived two thousand years ago, he is ten thousand years ahead. His character has been studied age after age, and the more studied the more admired. Who hath ever found a fault in it? His enemies have sought for one as for hid treasures, but in vain. And yet, if it were there, it would be as a mountain in a plain—conspicuous from all points. His friends have endeavored to equal it, but no one has succeeded. It is more than primitive innocence and goodness. Though visible on earth, its place is far in heaven; and to see it, you must look through a long colonnade of celestial light. The truth he brings is not truth in blossom or in fruit, but in seed; not to adorn and wither, but to fall into the soul and germinate. Within his simplest rule of man's duty are wrapped up the grandest principles of God's government; by proverbs and examples he sets up guide-boards on all the cross-roads in the realm of truth; in outline he sketches the map of human knowledge, and by hints points us to the details; his instructions have been the subject of study for centuries, and they are still of unexhausted interest—an unwasting cruse of oil to feed the fires of mind. In a few sentences, such as, "Take no thought what ye shall eat and drink;" "When thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee;" "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth;" "Fear not him which can kill the body;" "Ye are the salt of the earth"—he teaches the great principle of the subordination of the body to the soul, of

fame and interest to duty, of the present life to that which is to come, of individual to general happiness, etc.—principles which philosophers and poets, kings and prophets, sought but never found. We may develop and illustrate and systematize Christ's teachings, but never go beyond them. The germs of mental philosophy, as well as morals, are all in his blessed words. Political economy lies wrapped up in his golden rule, and all the forms of charity and improvement are but streams from the fountain of his law of love. He discloses the true principle of reformation. It is doing little to point out sin; it is doing little to punish it; it is even doing little to prevent it. You may padlock the fists and the feet and the lips, and yet the murder and the lust and the lie may be in the man. Back of organs and nerves in the intentions and principles of the living agent is vice or virtue: hence, to make better men you must make better hearts. The Spirit of Christ upon the soul, like the warm body of the prophet upon the corpse of the child, wakes up the stagnant pulse of spiritual life. In this Christ has no exemplar.

Jesus is independent of instructors. Few great men are self-taught; they generally owe their excellences to their opportunities: hence, Philip thanked the gods, not so much that they had given him a son as that they had given that son an Aristotle. Even the mightiest intellects are very dependent. Plato, although he had enjoyed the tutorship of Socrates, and the companionship of Xenophon, goes to Cyrene to listen to Theodorus; he travels to Megara, and sits down day after day with Euclid to enlarge and settle his mathematical knowledge; he journeys to Italy and Sicily, to quicken his reason and store his memory by conversation with the learned — to collect materials of wisdom from primitive sources, and inflame his imagination by extraordinary natural objects. He compares teacher with teacher, argument with argument, system with system, that he may correct his er-

rors and enlarge the compass of his truth. While communing with the giants of his own times, he communes also with them of old; he stands with holy awe on the banks of the Nile, till he seems to see Orpheus tune his lyre and Solon light his lamp. It was otherwise with Christ. He was not reared at an Athens: no Porch or Academy or Lyceum opened its gates to his footsteps. He was the son of a carpenter, in an obscure village of a rural district, in a despised province of the world; and when he read the Scriptures to his neighbors, they said, in astonishment, "How knoweth this man letters, never having learned?" He travels not beyond the limits of his native land; he is a radiator, not a reflector of light.

He is independent of books; he reads none, he writes none, he needs none. He turns every thing around him into books; he makes legible the sympathetic ink with which every soul is overwritten. He did but touch Nathanael's memory, and he brought out the truth, "Thou art the King of Israel;" he did but touch Peter's heart, and forth leaped the exclamation, "Thou art the Christ;" he did but breathe his dying prayer over the centurion that guarded his cross, and out burst into revelation, "Truly, this man was the Son of God." It was not Christ's words that startled the Samaritan woman at the well, but her own biography, which he telegraphed to her in an instant; it was not what Christ wrote upon the sand, but their own quickened consciences which convicted those that stood around the adulteress, and made them slink away one by one. How much better this unwritten knowledge than all written: it is unerring, adapted to each case. It was an experiment of modern times to restore a sick body by transfusing the blood of a healthy one into its veins; but it was unsuccessful, because the transfused current was not in a proper relation to the vessels which received it; it irritated and bloated the sinking system. Too much of our learning is of this kind—a transfusion of thought

into channels unadapted to it, which only vitiates and puffs them up. The sick soul, like the sick body, must restore itself; its vital organs must be aroused to vigorous action before its streams can be enriched and purified. Of Wesley it is said, that he was the quiescence of turbulence; calm himself, he set every thing around him in motion. He learned this lesson of his Master, who, wherever he moved, set the world on fire. But how did he do it? by kindling a furnace in himself and radiating the heat around him? Nay; but by touching the heart and quickening the pulses of men; the heat which he kindled within them was vital—the more they ran from it the more it flamed; it fed upon their thoughts, and was fanned by their emotions; it was a part of them; they feel it now; they will feel it *ever*. The word of Christ resting upon the moral world is like the spirit that brooded over chaos—it makes all life and motion, but to each its own life and its own motion, while all is beautiful and all is good. Some men seem to think that their capacity to teach depends upon the number and size of the books which they master. Enoch, Noah, Abraham, were teachers—world teachers—before there were books. The heavens and the earth are full of truth; it shines down and leaps upon all men alike. O, that our eyes were couched to see it! The human soul is pregnant with truth; let it be but delivered of its burdens, and it will have a family of living children, whose cherub faces will fill the spiritual house with light. The greatest of ancient teachers said that he was but a moral midwife, aiding the youth to bring forth their ideas and sentiments, and to distinguish between the abortive and the living birth. Alas! the births were too often dead. The Spirit of Christ overshadows the soul as the power of the highest rested upon his mother Mary, to quicken the holy things within, that they may come forth "sons of God."

Teachers are too much afraid to try this plan. They seem to think that all the truth of the universe has been gathered.

Earth has golden mines of knowledge yet unopened in her mountains; as to the sea, the known things of her are to the unknown as a few sands of her shore to the waters which it compasses; and as for the sky, it is ever opening new worlds to the eyes of men. And what shall we say of the spirit? Are two souls created alike? Has not God given to each a peculiar power and a peculiar treasure? Who shall describe the endless variety of beauties which Jesus may open in his gardens of grace and glory? Through the demonstrations of infinite wisdom and power the thinking soul may always find fresh paths.

We in this land should be the *last* to complain of barrenness of mind; for the new world is around us. Alas! alas! we are thrashing over and over again the old world's dry straw, instead of thrusting the sickle into the new world's green and waving harvest. These cloud-clapped hills are strewn all over with legends ready to be bound into the bundles of Homeric odes and epics. These venerable woods stand thick with God's own thoughts; they leap by us in every deer that crosses our path, and fall upon us in every descending leaf. New forms of human love, and sympathy, and sin, and suffering, look out from those cabin windows and burning brush-heaps, from yonder canebrakes and the far-off wigwams. We have book teachers enough. O, for more bookless ones!

Jesus is independent of human reason. This is man's pride; yet it is a frail instrument, prone to error and swayed by passion—of some use in discerning error, of little in discovering truth. For near six thousand years man sought, by *dint* of reason, to discover the origin, and essence, and laws of all things, and all that time he was demonstrating that he knew *no*thing. It is impossible to exceed the absurdity of philosophy. Nothing so humbling to the pride of human reason as the history of its own achievements. At length we have learned to come down from the clouds of specula-

tion, and walk the earth as Adam did the garden, waiting for the voice of God. We gather truth as a child gathers flowers; we compare facts; we group them together; we deduce general principles, and arrange them in systems; and we call this science; and so it is—science which God wrote for us when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. (Similar volumes has he written in the soul, and we may study them, and copy, and test our copies by the echo of the breast.) Man sought also by reason to scaffold himself up to God; but his labors produced only a blasted and confounded Babel. The greatest philosophy of ancient times, as the greatest of modern times, was but a *negative* teacher. Socrates was mighty only to the pulling down of strongholds of human reason; he was light only as he revealed the darkness of the heathen wisdom; he went through philosophy as the angel of death did through Egypt. As Lord Verulam sent men to nature for natural knowledge so Socrates bade man look to God for moral knowledge. Jesus comes; he disperses the clouds and darkness which were round about God, in nature and in providence and in the Old Testament; he marshals into harmony the stars which appeared to cross each other's paths in the skies of truth; he opens a path beyond the grave; he lifts the curtain from the judgment and the retributions which are to follow. All around the horizon of past and future, even outward eternally, Jesus floods the mountains with light. And yet he reasons not; he speaks not as man, with hesitation, with supposition, with argumentation, but with authority — an authority to which, while miracles certify, the soul itself responds; for, although his revelations could not be discovered by reason, they commend themselves to reason. As face answers to face in water, so the truths of Jesus to the heart of man. The light which comes millions of miles across the regions of space is subject to the same laws as that which issues from the candle; so the light which traverses the spaces of

revelation from the face of the angel is the same as that which shines in the face of the saint. All through the New Testament we see the same principles that walk the earth walking also the heavens. The Saviour's heaven, indeed, is but the maturity of earthly goodness; his hell but the ripening of the seeds of sin. Moreover, God has put his witness in the breast, and when Jesus hails the soul, that witness leaps within as John leaped in the womb of Elizabeth at the salutation of Mary.

Jesus is independent of circumstances. Great men are, to a considerable degree, influenced by the circumstances of their birth, land, education, and station; like the planets, they pursue a path resulting from the centrifugal and centripetal moral forces to which they are subjected. Christ pursues one which defies all calculation of external influences, and of which there is no solution but in the throne of God. He takes no council, he yields to no prejudice; he goes athwart the prejudices of all men—of the people, who desired to make him a king; of the priests, whose ritual he abolished; of the Pharisees, whose hypocrisy he exposed; of the Sadducees, whose infidelity he rebuked; of the Jews, whose spiritual walls he crushed; of the Gentiles, on whose idols he breathed death. He thwarted all philosophy by his resurrection of the body, and all passion by curbing all unrighteousness. He thwarted even the circle of his own disciples, who often cried, "This is a hard saying," and many of whom went back, and walked no more with him. When he said that he must suffer many things and be raised again, one of the chiefest of his apostles said, in confusion and alarm, "Be it far from thee, Lord: this shall not be unto thee." Though the multitude rushed around him, they did not sustain him any more than the billows of the sea sustain a rock. Not only did no party support him—all opposed him. Herod and Pontius Pilate, with the Gentiles and the people of Israel, combined to plant the cursed cross. Princes decreed, phi-

losophers sneered, orators argued, the heathen raged; the whole world, in convention, *resolved* against the holy Child; human nature, in rebellious conclave, determines, rather than receive him, to break the bands of divine law, and cast aside the cords of moral obligation. But she imagined in vain; the Lord had her in derision: Jesus sat on his holy hill above the rage, as the ark on Ararat in the subsiding flood.

In many respects this character is inimitable, but it is a sure and perfect guide. Reader, be popular in your views. Your notions must be wrong if they are narrow. This universe is not to be measured with a two-foot rule. Be popular in your style. If you would be a "Will-o'-the-wisp," you may appear in darkness; but if you would be a sun, brush the clouds from your face. Be popular in your sympathies; think, feel, pray, with your knees upon the round globe. See Africa, a continent of dry bones; Asia, a pyramid of moral death; Europe, struggling in the folds of the serpent, and the isles of the sea crying for help. If the supineness of Athens produced a Philip, shall not the prostration of a world produce a Paul?

Be humble. Seek not for the knowledge that puffeth up, but for that which edifieth. Never be inflated by success; for what hast thou that thou didst not receive? Be not wise in your own conceit. Shall the incarnate God say, I am nothing; and shall that worm—man—say, I am rich? Be independent. God made you; lift up your heads among his sons. Think for yourselves. If there are books upon the shelf, thank God for them; but remember the open leaves of creation and the unbound volume of the soul. Dare to speak out. When the thoughts burn, let the flames have a flue. What fear you? Shall he whose Exemplar died upon the cross be afraid of sneers and stripes and blows? "Strike, but hear me!" cried the great Athenian at the battle of Salamis. "Kill, but hear me!" let the Christian cry at the battle of the world.

THE SCRIPTURE TESTIMONY.

God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son.—Heb. i, 1, 2.

And Jesus went about all the cities and villages, teaching in their synagogues.—Matt. ix, 35.

And Jesus, when he came out, saw much people, and was moved with compassion toward them, because they were as sheep not having a shepherd: and he began to teach them many things.—Mark vi, 34.

Then said Jesus to those Jews which believed on him, If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed; and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.—John viii, 31, 32.

Then opened he their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures.—Luke xxiv, 45.

Then spake Jesus again unto them, saying, I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.—John viii, 12.

We know that thou art a teacher come from God.—John iii, 2.

Never man spake like this man.—John vii, 46.

CHRIST AS A TEACHER.

[THOUGHT-OUTLINE TO HELP THE MEMORY.]

1. The fact of Christ's popularity. . . . What proofs?
2. State three particulars in which he was popular?
3. Characteristics of Christ as a "human" teacher?
4. In what sense was he an "independent" teacher?

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